

# The K. H. C. Log

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## EDITORIAL NOTE.

We have great pleasure in issuing the first number of our K.H.C. Log. This is the first time for a number of years that there has been a school paper or magazine. For two or three numbers we will just issue papers consisting of a few pages.

When we read the old school magazine we thought it would be interesting to many of the old girls, as well as present girls, if we took a poem entitled "Our Room-mate" from that magazine for the K.H.C. Log. We will gratefully accept all stories, poems, and notes of interest sent to us by Old Girls who have left the School.

The radio which Mr. Gundy so kindly gave us last year, has afforded us many musical evenings, which have been greatly enjoyed. The School bus, also a new pleasure of last year, has been in great demand this term. The weather has enabled us to go on many delightful picnics and joy-rides. Every day we realize more and more how wonderful it is to be at School in the country.

Everyone who has been a King's Hall girl knows what great advantages we have at K.H.C. The exhilarating air, and the wide stretches of country which gives us the opportunity of so many out-door sports.

We are all sisters working together for the honour and loyal spirit of K.H.C., in a big family presided over with loving care and guidance by our dearly loved Principal, Miss Joll.

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## LECTURES

On September the 20th a very interesting lecture which we all enjoyed was given by Dr. Upson Clarke, on Roumania. It is hoped he will soon pay us another visit.

Also on October 28th, Mr. Edwards and Mr. Stinson gave us a talk on inexpensive College Touring which we found interesting.

The movies have been held as usual every Saturday night, except on October 18th, when Samuel Sapper's Snappy Sextette provided the dance music for the evening.

The candy and dry goods store has been doing a roaring business this year. Posters have been painted by the Arts Form representing the dry goods we have on sale. The committee for 1924-25 are:—Dorothy Napier, Jessie Patten, Edna Salls, Prudence Holbrook, Joan Milligan and Evelyn Turner.

The old girls who have already paid us a visit this year are: Mrs. Jones, who was here as Lois Rice, Kitty Torrence, Dorothy Phin, Marguerite Starke and Alice Jamieson. We hope many others will come.

We are now all looking forward to the plays which are to take place on the 15th and 29th of November. We are hoping for many visitors.

Those who have already helped to entertain at Maplehurst during September and October are:—Mrs. Gutelius, Mrs. Norman Dawes, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Clagget, Miss Dunlop, Mrs. Counsell, Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd, Major Shorey and Mr. Larmouth.

On Saturday the 1st of November all third year girls and over from VI, Arts and Matric. were invited by Edna Salls to her home in Sherbrooke for tea, and all enjoyed the party very much.  
—The Observers.

## OUR ARRIVAL

On September the tenth, the day we all came back to school after the summer holidays, a dam burst and the rain came down in torrents.

It thus happened that the Coaticook River over-flowed its banks. We were unable to disembark at the good old Compton Station; and had to go on to Coaticook, where we landed in the teeming rain. One by one we tripped off the train into the midst of the downpour: the last to descend was Miss Brown. Then the train started off with a puff and a snort. Miss Brown collected the chicks in front of the station. There has never been a more thrilling arrival since the school started.

Then the fun of getting to King's Hall began. In a few minutes up drove Lundeborg's five passenger motor. Nine piled in with nine suitcases, nine umbrellas, eighteen long legs. After the legs and suitcases were made as small as possible the car started; the rest of the girls followed in trucks.

Over the brinks of ditches we balanced, swam through puddles of water, crossed a paper bridge (or so it seemed to the occupants of the cars as they held their breath for a moment, thinking they would have to swim to K.H.C.), without disaster. On and on, through glen and dale, drove the merry travellers.

Then school was sighted, and dinner loomed in the distance. At the door was Miss Joll, waiting to welcome us. It may have been rainy outside, but inside all was cheeriness and comfort. It was great to be back.

“Peter Pan.”

## ENGAGEMENT

It gives us great pleasure in announcing the engagement of an old head girl, Kathleen Turner, and Gordon Ross, of Quebec, on October 25th.

## SPORTS

In no other part of Canada are the fields more vividly coloured than in the Eastern Townships during the Fall season; and from the windows of K.H.C. there could not be a more splendid view. It seems as if this fall has been made for out-door sports.

A good appetite for breakfast is obtained by all, owing to the early morning out-door drill and in the afternoons the girls have great practices in ground hockey. We have had enthusiastic matches. Ontario versus Quebec, in which Ontario was successful the score being 3-2; the Upper and Lower Corridors have had two matches, and at present stand at a tie, scores being 4-3 for the Lower and 3-1 for the Upper. Although the hockey ball came to grief, we enjoyed a very sporting game against the Staff, using the base-ball, and after a very hard fight we finally won.

Although we shall hate to see the fine weather go, we are all looking forward to the winter sports.

—The Interpreter.

## TIT-BITS OF WIT

What would happen if:—

J. Patton had her books?

S. Henderson was up for two consecutive days.

A complete hockey team turned up?

V. Wolfe handed in all her work?

J. Milligan's skirt was hemmed.

E. Turner's bangs were not in her eyes?

M. Dawes was seen without a camera?

Betty Leihman was not smiling?

B. Birkett had no freckles?

A. Henderson lost her voice?

The movies were not Mid-Victorian?

M. Nicholl was not giggling?

Everyone got their correct orders from the candy store?

Mother—"Don't take so long saying goodnight to your beau at night."

Daughter—"Oh! Mother. I only waited for a second last night."

Mother—"Really? I thought I heard a third"

Tim—"Why does a chicken cross the road?"

Jim—"To show off her new silk stockings."

Two Scotchmen walked 20 miles to see a baseball game and were too lazy to climb over the fence.

An Englishman getting off a boat was seen carrying a small bag. A policeman asked him what he had in it and he said "Oh! only some sugar". "Don't you know you can't import sugar without paying duty?" asked the cop. "But I must always have four lumps, two for my tea and two for my coffee." "There's two for your cocoa," said the policeman whacking him twice on the head. "Oh! but I don't drink cocoa!" said the dazed Britisher.

## SAMUEL SAPPER'S SNAPPY SEXTETTE

### I.

One evening, when no movies came,  
We thought we'd spend it dull and plain.  
So up into the gym. we went,  
After day's pleasures tired and spent,  
A very sad, bedrapp'led set,  
When who should appear but Sapper's Sextette.

### II.

Nancy Reid, our prim head girl,  
As Samuel Sapper, conducted the whirl.  
On a sturdy soap-box there stood she,  
Broadcasting music from K.H.C.,  
A perfect fright was our dear Prue,  
As she sat and played on a bazoo.

### III.

Eve, Joan, Philly B. and Dot,  
Played upon we know not what.  
They played and danced so full of pep,  
We could not help but whirl and step.  
We offer our true thanks, you bet!  
To Samuel Sapper's Snappy Sextette,  
by "The Bobbed-Hair Bandit."



This is a poem taken from the old King's Hall Monthly Magazine of 1907.  
by "Pyshogue."

## OUR ROOM-MATE

### A Yellow Dormitory Wail.

#### I.

On a cold and raining morning  
About the month of May,  
Somebody woke up yawning  
Who was it, did you say?  
Our Room-mate.

#### II.

Who was it drawled in sleepy tones,  
Has morning come? Must I arise?  
Who was it let out dreadful groans  
And mingled tears with direful cries?  
Our Room-mate.

#### III.

Now when at night we go to rest,  
Who is it grumbles more and more,  
And makes herself a general pest  
Then does let out an awful snore?  
Our Room-mate.

#### IV.

Who is it weeps when she is fined.  
With tears so large and full of woe,  
And says that we are so unkind  
When laugh we must? Why don't you know?  
Our Room-mate.